

COUGH OF LUXURY.

The most perfect resting place ever devised for a human being is just beneath the roof, and then you must be able to see the shingle nails sticking through. If a gentle rain be falling, so much the better. Five minutes spent in that sweet retreat are enough to banish the memory of every trouble. Debt and death lose their terrors, and the peace that passes understanding comes upon you, says the Washington Post. You become a boy again and enter once more into the world that used to be. Soon the dark corners of the room are peopled with the images of childhood. Over where the old clothes are hanging you can see the outline of a dismantled ship, while down the sandy shore come Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. A swarthy negro peeps from behind the big trunk. It is Pinocchio, the stranger, creeping stealthily upon his victim. Past and faster they come, some pleasing, some ferocious. You welcome them all and are not a bit afraid, and the rain drips, drips, with a steady, monotonous sound. Then comes a blank. Next morning the spell is broken, but the memory remains. You see the old clothes and the trunk, and find that the only goblin tapestry in the room is a cluster of cobwebs over the little dormer window. But you had slept the sleep of the just, and found it most refreshing.

The passenger traffic between the United States and Europe continues to offer most alluring inducements. Many of the big companies are adding the newest, largest and swiftest vessels to their fleets. One of the latest launches is that of a ship that is being built by a French line, to run to New York. This is one of the greatest craft yet completed, and when put in commission will be able to carry 2,020 passengers. The total cost will be about \$6,000,000. That is what foreign concerns are doing to get American trade, and Americans permit them to monopolize a business that should be in American control and which should be a most important auxiliary in extending American commerce.

English owners of homing pigeons have lost so many of them this season that they believe there is an especial cause. This cause, many of them are inclined to suspect, is wireless telegraphy. Many will dismiss the indictment as fanciful, on account of the comparative weakness of the current which wireless telegraphy brings into play. The answer to this is that the current does not kill the birds, but only confuses them, causing them to miss their way. If the Marconi current affects pigeons, why not guinea fow? Indeed, it would seem not impossible that wireless telegraph stations may be the means of greater disaster to guinea fow than lighthouses.

From London comes the announcement of the death of the woman who claimed to be the original of "Little Dorrit," that famous character of Dickens. The lady was entitled to the benefit of the doubt, but it is a fact that similar claims have been made by others. It is also asserted that a brother of the woman who has just died was the original "Tiny Tim," and that he served in part as the model for "Paul Dombey." If all those assertions can be proved it would seem that the family formed a sort of trust for Dickens characters.

Perhaps if the truth were known a considerable proportion of the so-called automobile "accidents" would be found to have resulted from the buffed heads and unsteady nerves. The menace of a man under the influence of liquor and in an automobile is easily appreciated, and when it is demonstrated that crashes on the road are due to drunkenness the punishment should be severe. Those who insist upon running amuck on the highways should be made to pay a heavy penalty, whether they be sober or drunk.

The usual fate of get-rich-quick schemes is collapse at the end. And the "lamb" are fleeced as a preliminary. A speculative scheme of this kind in Connecticut has brought up in the bankruptcy court, with unsecured claims of \$500,000 to be settled. And the further sequel no doubt will be the charging of the sum to the profit and loss account of those foolish enough to "invest."

A German musician says that our craze for ragtime is the great obstacle to creative work in American music. Ragtime? Sounds like a faint echo from our past. Our friend must have got his idea from old newspaper lies.

Among airmen excessive avoidpense is at a discount, most of the successful atmosphere navigators being physical lightweights. In this as in some other matters good goods often come in small packages.

There is a man in California who went to sleep on a railroad track, was struck by a fast train and escaped with a headache. To complete the simple beauty of this tale, we are pleased to add that the locomotive is also doing well.

One by one the comic supplement jokes come true. In Detroit a hen-pecked Montaner has really taken refuge from his wife by sleeping in the cage.

WHENCE CAME THE BIG BOULDERS

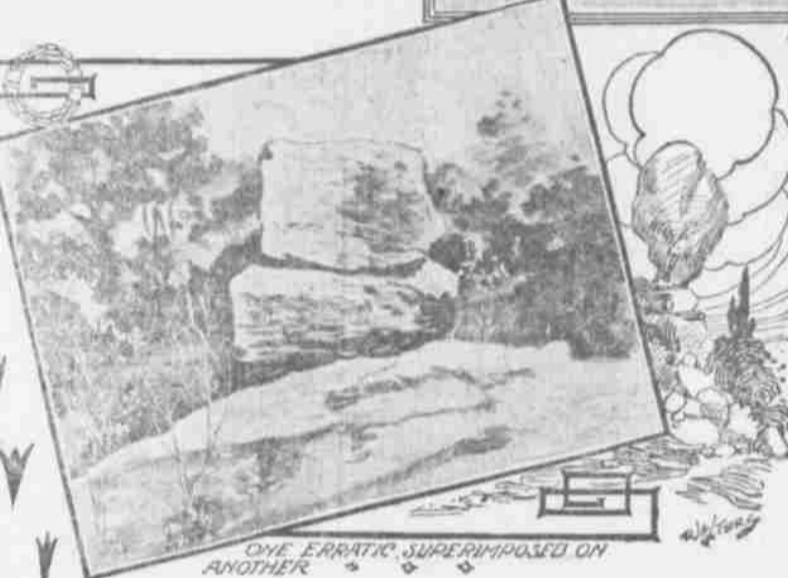
WHENEVER your vacation ramblings have taken you to one of the northern states of the country, you have no doubt often been struck by the sight of some unusually large boulders perched on the top of a mountain, or resting, maybe, in such a nicely balanced position by the very edge of the sea that a

dashing wave may rock it to and fro, writes G. N. Collins in the National Geographic Magazine.

Examine one of these boulders more closely and you will find several things to distinguish it from others that you may have noticed in other parts of the country. Should the rock on which the boulder lies be bare of soil, it will often be found to be of a different kind than that of which the boulder is composed. Thus the boulder itself may be of granite, while the surface of the limestone, shale or sandstone.

You will also often find this bare rock polished to a remarkable degree, or marked by scratches, and even deep grooves running in a more or less parallel direction, known as glacial striae.

To understand how a block of gran-



ite as large as a small cabin could be lodged on top of a mountain when there is no similar rock within a hundred miles or more, we must trace its history back to a time at least 200,000 years ago, when the glacial period called the tertiary was drawing to its close.

The first fact to attract our attention, could we have taken a birdseye view of the northern part of our continent at that time, would be its great extent than at present. Looking outward we would see the shoreline extending in places a hundred miles beyond the shoreline of today, and in vain would we scan for the islands, bays and reaches that now lend such enchantment to our picturesque coast.

Northward the land probably stretched unbroken over the present arctic archipelago, and connected on the east by way of Greenland, Iceland and the Scandinavian peninsula with Europe and on the west by closing of Bering strait with Asia.

This circumstance had a very important bearing on the fauna of that day, as it enabled the animals from the one continent to cross to the other. Making a closer inspection of the landscape beneath us, we would be surprised at the total absence of the smaller lakes that now are its most characteristic feature. Even the great lakes were missing, with the possible exception of Lake Superior, while in the valleys in which these latter now flowed rivers belonging to one or more systems.

The mountain groups of today we would recognize at once, notwithstanding their somewhat more rugged outline, and the same would be true in the case of the rivers. While we would see a number of them in strange courses, the master streams we would know at first glance. For millions of years these had been cutting their channels undisturbed, until at the close of the tertiary a new impetus was imparted to them, owing to the recent rise of land and the ever-increasing humidity of the climate. So we would probably see them turbulent and swollen and the sides of their water courses often precipitous and jagged, overhung in places by great ledges and loose blocks readily dislodged by the least force.

The climate over the whole continent was semitropical, or at least temperate, with such plants as the big and great red woods of California grew as far north as Greenland and Iceland. And through the almost endless woods of the north roamed herds of mastodon and other herbivores of great size, together with such beasts of prey as the now extinct saber-toothed tiger. But we find no trace of man.

Over this strange and magnificent world the ice swept down so suddenly, as geologic time is reckoned, that most of the then existing animal and plant forms, pushed south before its advance, had not time enough to adapt themselves to their new environment, and therefore became greatly altered or exterminated.

As yet there has been no good reason assigned for a change that in a comparatively short time transformed the semitropical climate into that of Greenland of today. Probably a combination of circumstances brought it out.

Church Built By Women

One of the sights of Jersey City, across the river from New York, is a group of women who are laboriously building a church. They are doing the actual work themselves after their lay's household duties are over. Men are lending a helping hand, but they are merely carrying the hods, and occasionally give instructions to the women. The building is almost up to the top of the first story. Mrs. Sarah



BOULDER NEAR MOUNTAIN LAKE, MINN.

difference in time at which the various ice centers reached their greatest development, we will be very nearly the truth in saying that from the southern limit, shown on the map, northward the ice lay in one unbroken expanse, with the exception of the so-called driftless area and possibly one of the highest mountain peaks in the east. It is calculated that its thickness at the two eastern centers must have been something like 5,000 to 10,000 feet.

On its way from the north the ice mass gathered to itself immense quantities of soil and loose rock which were carried along with it. Occasionally huge blocks of rock from mountain slopes and stream bottoms were clutched in the firm grip of the ice and carted for hundreds of miles. Frequently the ice would lift great boulders from the bottom of a valley to the top of a mountain.

Presently the ice began to retreat before a more congenial climate. It was not at first, however, a steady retreat, as not less than four times the ice again advanced after having almost vanished, and each time it was followed by animals and plants adapted to the semitropical climate at its edge. During one of these interglacial epochs man appeared upon the scene. But as the ice melted and disappeared the earth and rocks which it carried were dumped, sometimes as an even mantle, but more often in hills and ridges.

Advice to Aspirants

Suppose you become an English peer and are naturally anxious to find out exactly what personal rights and privileges your new station gives you, will have to give your secretary a month or so to hunt through rows of dust-covered volumes. And even then you will not know one-half of them. Lots of them are obsolete indeed. They have not been repealed, however, and if you wish to take advantage of every privilege that your new rank gives you you will find plenty of opportunities.

If you are unfortunate enough to be condemned to death, for instance, you can demand a noose of silk. If you are bald, and shy of displaying your infirmity, you are at liberty to keep on your hat when in a court of justice, a privilege that not even the prime minister enjoys—except, of course, when he happens to be a peer. Every time parliament reopens you are allowed by royal charter, if your way to the house leads through one of the royal deer parks, to kill and, if you wish it, carry away one or two deer. When returning home you may do the same again. There is only one condition. You must, when entering the park, give the royal foresters notice of your intention by sounding your hunting horn.

If a commoner so far forgets himself, for reasons of his own, as to punch your head, you have the privilege of halting him before the criminal courts as one guilty of the crime of showing contempt for the whole house of parliament. And before he leaves the Old Bailey he will be very sorry. If, on the other hand, it is you who so far forget yourself as to punch the commoner's head, he can summon you, just as he would any one else, at the police court. But if, when you are there, you breathe out threats and slaughter against him, and tell him exactly what you will do to him when you get him out, side, you can do so for as long as you please.

The magistrate has no power to bind you over to keep the peace, or commit you for contempt of court, one of which things he would certainly do if your name did not appear on the register of the house of lords.

But these are not the only advantages your rank gives you in the courts. If you are concerned in a chancery case and have to appear in the witness box, your word would, if you wished it, be taken as equivalent to another man's oath. If anyone uses personal violence to your coach-

Care of Children's Teeth.

The Lancet, in a strong plea for better care of the teeth of English children, which, it says, "is a matter of the first importance to the country," declares that "tooth brush drill is of little value when carried out during school hours; to be of value it must be carried out at the proper time, the most important of all being the last thing before going to rest." This medical authority thinks, also, that "a well organized crusade throughout the country on the importance of the teeth and the technique of their proper care would be followed in a generation by an enormous decrease in the percentage of recruits rejected for defective teeth."

Gets Them Running.

"Will the business men of this community subsidize a Marathon meet?" "How will a Marathon help the business men?"

"In many ways. The telegraph company ought to be interested. Look how it will stimulate the messenger boys."

What He Did.

"What did young Mr. Popinjay do when your father had kicked him down the front steps because he tried to kiss you?"

"Oh, he stood out on the sidewalk and made a few cursory remarks."

Just to Help Along.

Goodwin—What was the watermelon social given at the church last night for the benefit of?

Popkins—For the benefit of the new doctor, I imagine.

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Huge Magnet Causes Workman's Death



PITTSBURGH, PA.—Death played a grim joke on a Pittsburgh workman the other day, appearing to the poor fellow in his most unfamiliar guise. John Warnack, thirty-five years old and a steel worker, came under the influence of a 30-ton magnet and was ranked upward, being so badly injured by the impact that he died in a local hospital two hours later. His head was caught between the steel billet he was carrying and the huge magnet and crushed.

These magnets, be it known, are one of the greatest labor-saving devices of man's many inventions. A huge piece of soft iron is swung about in the works where wanted through the action of a traveling crane or a big derrick. To this iron is connected wires through which a strong current of electricity can be sent at will. Soft iron has this peculiarity, that it becomes highly magnetized on the passage of an electric current through its mass, but the current being shut off the magnetism ceases at once. This property makes such a piece of iron valuable for picking up bars of iron or steel, kegs of nails or bolts, scrap iron, or any substance susceptible to the magnetic influence.

It seems odd enough to the visitor at a big foundry or rolling mill when he sees such a clumsy-looking piece

of iron swung along over a heap of several tons of scrap iron, or chunks of crude material known in trade parlance as pig iron, and the pieces begin to jump upward and hang on to the magnet through this invisible force while slowly carried to some other part of the works, where they quickly drop off as the magnet loses its power through the shutting off of the current of electricity. The thing looks ridiculous, yet the power that draws these heavy pieces of iron or steel upward would sustain a weight of many tons just as easily.

Rightly understood, the operation of a magnetic crane is a marvelous thing, viewed by the ignorant it seems positively uncanny. It was beneath the influence of such a power that poor Warnack lost his life so unexpectedly. Warnack was carrying the billet through the yards of the Jones & Laughlin Steel company when the huge magnet, used to unload scrap iron from cars, swung around. The billet was drawn to the big steel horseshoe with Warnack, too badly frightened to realize his peril, clinging to it.

Workmen who witnessed the accident had considerable difficulty in extricating the victim. They forgot to turn off the current supplying the contracting power at first. Finally some one thought to shut off the power and then the body and the billet fell to the ground, the latter striking one of the rescuers on the right leg and breaking it. The mystic power of the magnet had been overcome for the moment, and poor Warnack was carried to the hospital to die of his injuries a couple of hours later.

San Francisco Rises From Her Ashes



SAN FRANCISCO.—Nothing so clearly shows the vigor and recuperative power of San Francisco as the effort it is putting forth to secure the great exposition of 1915, designed to celebrate the building of the Panama canal.

A little over four years ago the city was crumbled to the dust by the earthquake and fire which swept 508 city blocks out of existence. Last April, just four years after the great catastrophe, the citizens of San Francisco, assembled in mass meeting, subscribed over \$4,000,000 toward an international exposition to be held there, and since that time \$2,000,000 more have been subscribed. Few cities in the world are capable of this great revival. Not only has San Francisco arisen from her ashes, but she now faces the monumental task of financing a great world exposition.

Since the work of rebuilding San Francisco was begun more than \$300,000,000 has gone into reconstruction, while \$100,000,000 has been expended on steel and concrete wharves, a mun-

damental fire protection system, sewers and other improvements. All told, 25,000 buildings have been erected in the city in four years and the work of reconstruction goes on rapidly. Such is the city that asks the honor of building an exposition that will be worthy, before the world, of America.

Already her citizens have completed a task which ranks with the construction of the canal in magnitude, and represents, in capital expended, more money than the canal has cost to date, and almost as much as the "big ditch" will have cost when completed. By 1915, San Franciscans say, every trace of the fire will be erased and forgotten in the city's greater estate.

It is, of course, not only San Francisco that will go before congress and request to be granted the exposition. Back of the city is the whole state of California, and back of both the great west. The people of California through the legislature have given \$5,000,000 toward the exposition's success and the city of San Francisco, apart from the voluntary subscription of its citizens, has been granted permission to bond herself for a like sum.

Of congress, these westerners will not ask one dollar of aid. Indeed, the Sunset City is a bit anxious to demonstrate that she can build a \$50,000,000 exposition with money gained by her own state's citizens.

Sing Sing Prison Not Escape Proof



NEW YORK.—Once more the barriers of stone and steel and the wit and watchfulness of selected guardians that make Sing Sing prison theoretically escape proof, have been flouted by the criminal wards of New York state. Since its construction the big institution has been regarded by criminals as the "easiest prison to beat," owing to its crowded condition and the necessity of allowing men to sleep in makeshift quarters. More than 200 men have eluded the guards since the '60s, but only a few have enjoyed their liberty. Nearly all have been captured and have lived to see the day they were sorry for their dash for liberty.

The escape of the last quintet of criminals was the most successful and startling in the long list of deliveries which run parallel with the history of Sing Sing. It was crude, direct and simple and the work of one man, "Big Bill" Green. The scene of the escape was in the Protestant chapel, where 195 men were sleeping, with two guards on duty.

Prize Poem Is Penned by a Lunatic



ST. PAUL, MINN.—Minnesota has a poet, or rather a poetess, who has achieved a measure of fame and fortune despite the fact that for 16 years she has been an inmate of a state hospital for the insane.

Some time ago a magazine offered a prize for the best literary contribution to be submitted within a certain time. The winner was to be presented with free transportation to Europe and return. Among those who entered the contest was a woman, a member of a well-known Minnesota family. So excellent was her effort considered that the prize was awarded to her. When the editors of the magazine learned who she was, and that because of environmental she would be unable to take advantage of the prize she had won, they sent her a check for \$250.

During the night Isidore Drum, Green's sole accomplice, received permission from Keeper Drum to go into the retiring room. Green followed a few minutes later, and beckoned to Drum, saying Blum was ill. All un suspecting the keeper entered the room, where he was felled by Green and bound and gagged. The other keeper was easily overpowered and gagged. When the two guards were safely gagged Green called to his fellow convicts, "Here's the chance for everybody," he said. "Who's coming?" Five men followed and all got away. Later they were captured.

The days of the Sing Sing quarries were days of opportunity for the prisoners. Many of the early escapes were made when bands of convicts worked at cutting rocks near the prison and under the eyes of armed guards. As far back as 1843 there was a general uprising of prisoners who tried to burn the prison. Since that time there has been no concerted insurrection, but prisoners in groups of two or three have opened the path to freedom and gotten away. Drums, tunnels, keys, bolts, locomotives and even the binding of keepers have played an important part in most of the deliveries. The one great help the prison officials have is the tendency of prisoners to "squeal" on those who would work their way to liberty.

The woman was placed first in the hospital at Rochester on May 9, 1894. In 1907 she was removed with other patients to Hastings, and on May 11, 1909, again was transferred, this time to Anoka, where she still is held. "She's bright—unusually bright in some ways," said A. D. Ware, assistant superintendent of the Hastings institution, "but she has delusions. Her insanity is hereditary. A sister, niece and uncle are inmates of Minnesota hospitals."

MANY WOMEN UP IN BALLOONS

A Recounting of the Adventures of Feminine Aeronauts Before the Aeroplane's Day.

Paris.—The interest shown by women in aerial navigation in these days is no new thing. Women in the past have found their share in conquering the roadways of the air.

Mlle. Tibile was the first French woman to make an ascent. On June 4, 1789 she went up in a balloon from Lyons and landed safely in Belfort. In the following year Mmes. Hines and Mlle. Lizarche, in Paris, and two French girls, the Sisters Blimont, in London, made successful ascents. The first of the women whose daring was repaid by death was Mme.



Mlle. Dutrieu, Daring Bird-Woman. Blanchard, wife of a famous aeronaut. While sailing over Paris in a balloon on July 6, 1819, she set off a rocket, the balloon caught fire and she was killed by falling on a roof.

Mme. Rader, in 1853, was caught in the ropes of her balloon and suffocated. Among the attempts of women to conquer the air none was more exciting than that of Mrs. Stock, who in 1824 went up from London in company with the balloonist Harris. The journey continued without incident until an attempt was made to descend. Then the apparatus for emptying the balloon did not work properly and the gas escaped too rapidly.

Only lightning the car could save the two balloonists, and all the ball-bat had been thrown out. Then Harris and Mrs. Stock looked each other in the eye for a second. Then Harris threw himself from the car to save the life of the woman who had been brave enough to share his peril with him.

Mme. Flammarion, wife of the famous Camille, made a honeymoon trip with her husband in the month of August, 1847, and landed happily after fifteen hours at Spa. This successful example was followed by one tragic imitation, when Giuseppe Charlesmont, in 1893, started out from Milan with his bride and two others to make the journey to Paris.

The first day passed without accident. On the second day, as the balloon was crossing the Alps, it was caught in a whirlwind, met a snowstorm and fell more than one thousand feet in a few seconds. The storm drove the car from one rocky peak to another and dragged it over the glaciers until all the gas had escaped and the car was left on a mountain. It remained there all night, and the next day the four, with no implements and no protection against the cold, started to make the perilous descent. A snowstorm was raging and the young husband slipped into a crevasse and was dashed to death at the bottom. It was three days before the party found refuge in a hut.

Sarah Bernhardt made an ascent in 1875 with the painter Clarin and Goddard, the balloonist.

Among the most daring aviators who recently gave exhibition flights at Doncaster, England, was Mlle. Dutrieu, a young Frenchwoman. Her flights in midair were really remarkable, and she is the only woman in the world who has steered an aeroplane with a passenger aboard.

PRONUNCIATION OF ARKANSAS

"Arkansaw" Recognized as Correct, but It Brought About a Dispute in the Senate.

Little Rock, Ark.—In the United States names of places are pronounced according to caprice rather than according to rule. The people of Quincy, Mass., as well as the people of Massachusetts generally, say "Quinzey," while western people say "Quinzey." In the same way New Englanders are much amused should any one pronounce the name of their famous town as every one pronounces the common word that is spelled in the same way. In other words, the inhabitants of Concord, Mass., give the second "o" an obscure sound, and omit the "r" altogether. They live in "Concord."

Most everybody knows that the correct pronunciation of Arkansas is "Arkansaw," but there are still many persons who call it Arkansas. The name was formerly spelled Arkansas and Arkansas. The final "a" was added by the French, and is silent. In the state itself it is only visitors and newcomers who say Arkansas. At the same time it seems to be true that usage has not always been uniform. When Millard Fillmore was vice president of the United States the two Arkansas senators disagreed as to the pronunciation of the name. Each insisted that he was correct, and Mr. Fillmore, as president of the senate, compromised the matter by recognizing one as "the gentleman from Arkansas" and the other as "the gentleman from Arkansas."

The Old Sailor's Command.

Cleveland, Ohio.—An old lake sailor, a bit wobbly as to his underpinnings, stood at the corner of East Fourteenth street and Euclid avenue the other waiting for a car. Two or three of the cars passed him by, whizzing because of the obscurity the motorman couldn't make out the waiting figure. The old man didn't appear to like this at all, and when the next car came whizzing along he took his stand in the middle of the track and let out a call that could be heard two blocks.

"Heave to, till I board ya!" he shouted. The car "heave to" and the old fellow pulled alongside and climbed over the gangway.